

Miss D. Clayton

The Weekly Sunbeam

Vol. III. LOCUST GROVE, SONOMA. SEPTEMBER 3, 1883. No. 11

A Trip to the Geysers.

By A. H. Calef.

We made an early start the next morning and after about an hour's walk, during which we feasted upon hazelnuts which were plentiful along the road-side, we met a herder who was just driving his cows to pasture, and being anxious to know how much farther we had to journey we asked him how far Mark West Springs were from there. Imagine our surprise and delight when he replied: "Just about a quarter of a mile around the next bend before you." So quickening our steps we soon came in sight of the well known summer resort.

A camping place was easily found and a very short space of time was occupied in arranging the blankets, utensils etc. for a day's camp.

Having no meat for lunch Gilbert took the gun and started out for anything he could come across, and presently returned with a brace of quail and some robins. There were yet two hours to wait for lunch, so feeling tired and very hot, we dropped off to sleep and awoke about 1 o'clock.

After a hearty meal on quail, robins, cornmeal, bread and coffee, we once more replenished the cartridges and cleaned the gun, and when the cool part of the afternoon came we packed our things and were off for Kellogg.

We first asked a gentleman at the Springs which road to take, and being informed the left one on the other side of the creek, proceeded in that direction when we shortly came to three roads, all branching off in different directions. Of course we thought that the extreme left road was the one, but we afterwards discovered that it was not. So we took it and travelled for the rest of the day till night-fall, when we came to a refreshing stream with plenty of trees along the banks, and after supper prepared camp and turned in for the night.

As we were walking along the next morning it occurred to us that we had better ask if the road we were then on lead to Kellogg, so the very next farm-house that appeared, we asked, and to our dismay were told that it was the road to Calistoga, but our minds were much put at ease when the farmer's wife added: "Calistogee is the place where the towerests stop before going to the Geysers," so we continued on our way and arrived at the thriving little city about 10 o'clock the same morning.

To be continued.

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Editorial.

Saturday morning I left here for the purpose of attending the Re-union of the G. S. A. P. A., at 7:30 P. M. the same day, at Cambrian Hall, on Mission St. When I arrived at the Hall about 7:20, I made my way to one of the rooms where I met two or three of California's leading amateurs whose acquaintance I had previously made, and was by them introduced to the others present, from all of whom I received a very hearty welcome. The room in which the exercises took place was very tastefully adorned with bunting. The President's (Mr. F. S. Bentley) table was draped with an American

flag; as also was the wall behind the chair of Mr. F. S. Arnett 1st Vice Pres. of the N. A. P. A.

Several choice selections were read by different members of the association, after which we proceeded to the Banqueting hall where a sumptuous supper awaited us. During supper a number of toasts were given and responded to.

We then retraced our steps to the main hall where the president asked all present to say a few words about what he thought of the progress and doings of the G. S. A. P. A.

Mr. Arnett responded to one of the numerous toasts in a manner worthy of a professional journalist. Mr. Burns of the *Call* took quite a prominent part in the estimation of the Amateurs, by delivering a short address in which he wished them success in all their undertakings.

It was stated by a retired editor that he and several others wished to join their ranks.

I expect very soon, if they allow me to, to become a member of the "Dom."

I do sincerely thank the members of the G. S. A. P. A. for the kind manner in which they received me.

As Mr. A. H. Calef expects very soon to go to Portland, Or., I with my other two partners W. Strauch and G. Luebbert will undertake to run the

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Sunbeam as in former days.

LOCALS.

Grapes are ripening slow but sure; that is, the few the intense heat did not destroy.

Thrashing is progressing very slowly indeed, down our way. A machine was working across the creek when one afternoon it stopped very suddenly and has not been operating since.

Every farmer seems to be disposing of his hay, whether they are getting good prices or not, I do not know.

We welcome master Gray to our ranks as a schoolmate.

Louis and Leopoldo Carrillo and Manuel Amado have gone to Santa Clara to school. They have our kindest wishes for their success in school.

Miss D. Clayton departed this morning for Santa Rosa, to attend the Teachers' Institute; and expects to be gone several days.

SONOMA ITEMS.

A number of the citizens of Sonoma attended the Fair in Petaluma last week.

We heard that Messrs. Morris Bros., of this valley, exhibited at Petaluma Fair a quantity of fruit raised on their place.

We are very sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. Chas. Spencer.

Mr. Marsden is going to open a Dancing Academy in Sonoma on the

6th inst.

Sonoma is incorporated as a city and its officers have been elected.

AMATEUR NOTES.

The *Coster* jumps forth from Oak Grove as lively as ever.

The *Green Mountain Echo* was received as usual.

The *New Period* arrived from New Glasgow a short time since.

The *Observer* comes from Oakland in all its glory.

The *Spark* of Frisco is very good.

We received the following list of neat papers: *Semi-Monthly, Excelsior, Coon, and En Passant* from Butler Pa. The *Diminutive News* from Bradford; The *Mercury* from Towanda Pa. The *Lark, The Age, The Gardner Messenger, and The Boys' Folio*, from Gardner, The *Guide* from Brookline, The *Nutshell* from Canton Mass. The *Monthly Reporter* from Washington, The *Gopher* from Rockville, The *Visitor* from Indianapolis, The *Good Intent* from Shoals, Ind The *Junior Record* and The *Idyllic Hours* from Cincinnati O. The *Schoolboy* from Poultney Vt. The *Moon* from Frederick, Ind. The *Youths' Favorite* from Cuba; The *Young American* from Albany and *Our Pride* from N. Y., N. Y.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The *Aspirant* from Gardner. The *Experiment* from New Bedford, and The *Olive Branch* from East Bridgewater Mass. Our *Compliments* from Beverly Mass., and the *Official* from Concord N. H.

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HOOPING A BARREL.

Putting a hoop on the family flour barrel is an operation that will hardly bear an encore. The woman generally attempts it before the man comes home to dinner. She sets the hoop on the end of the staves, takes a deliberate aim with the rolling-pin, and then shutting both eyes brings the pin down with all the force of one arm, while the other instinctively shields her face. Then she makes a dive for the camphor and unbleached muslin, and when the man comes home she is sitting back of the stove, thinking of St. Stephen and all the other martyrs, while a burnt dinner and the camphor are struggling heroically for the mastery. He says that if she had kept her temper she wouldn't have got hurt. And he visits the barrel himself, and puts the hoop on very carefully, and adjusts it so nicely on the top of every stave that only a few smart knocks, apparently, are needed to bring it down all right; then he laughs to himself to think what a fuss his wife kicked up for a simple matter that only needed a little patience to adjust itself; and then he gets the hammer, and fetches the hoop a sharp rap on the side, and the other flies up and catches him on the bridge of the nose, filling his soul with wrath and his eyes with tears, and the next instant the barrel is flying across the room, accompanied by the hammer, and another candidate for camphor and rag is enrolled in the great army that is unceasingly marching toward the grave.—*Danbury News.*

She looks down into the churn, and softly sings: "This is the whey I long

have sought.

An exchange inquires: Does hanging prevent murder?" It certainly does. Who ever heard of a man committing murder after he was hanged?

Two printer's devils recently got to playing with a gun, which, as usual went off; one was filled with remorse and the other with No. 2 shot.

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